

DE SUGAR CANE GREEN.

AS SUNG BY DE COLORED SOCIETY IN GENERAL.

Come niggas and listen to dis darkey child,
I was born on de Ohio ribber,
My moder's a cook, an she roasted and bil'd,
An she tought me to be a good libber ;
For hoe cake and gumbo she had not her match,
And for homminy no one could match her ;
Of brothers and sisters I had quite a batch,
But she lob'd and married a butcher.

Den I used to creep whar no darkey was seen,
To suck de juice of de sugar cane green.

My own new fader was proud ob his bride,
And hated alike dis young nigger ;
He lathered me all de day wid a cowhide,
And said it would make me grow bigger :
He said I was fat, my skin fitted too tight,
Like a barrel ob grease was my figger,
So he lathered away with all his might,
On de carcass ob dis little nigger.

Still I used to creep whar no darkey was seen,
To suck de juice ob de sugar cane green.

I stood it and bore it for three or four years,
Den said I to myself dis won't do,
For I tought he had gib me more dan my share,
So says I, I'll return it to you.
I cotch him one night asleep by de fire,
As blue as a nigger could be,
So I took down de cat, an I lick him with dat,
Den I stop, for he like to cotch me.

Den since dat time I creep whar no darkey is seen,
To suck de juice ob de sugar cane green.

PRICE ONE CENT.

All the New Songs constantly on hand at One Cent each